To base of thee to be remembred,
The worth of that, is that which it containes,
And that is this, and this with thee remaines.

75

SO are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife,
As twixt a miser and his wealth is found.
Now proud as an injoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steale his treasure,
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure,
Some-time all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by cleane starued for a looke,
Possessing or pursuing no delight
Saue what is had, or must from you be tooke.
Thus do I pine and surfet day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away,

76

WHy is my verse so barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quicke change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new found methods, and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, euer the same,
And keepe inuention in a noted weed,
That euery word doth almost fel my name,
Shewing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O know sweet loue I alwaies write of you,
And you and loue are still my argument:
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending againe what is already spent:
For as the Sun is daily new and old,
So is my loue still telling what is told,

77

THy glasse will shew thee how thy beauties were,
Thy dyall how thy pretious mynuits waste,

The

The vacant leaues thy mindes i
And of this booke, this learnin
The wrinckles which thy glass
Of mouthed graues will giue t
Thou by thy dyals shady steal
Times theeuish progresse to et
Looke what thy memorie cann
Commit to these waste blacks,
Those children nurst, deliuerd f
To take a new acquaintance of
These offices, so oft as thou v
Shall profit thee and much i

78

SO oft haue I inuok'd thee fo
And found such faire assista
As euery *Alien* pen hath got my
And vnder thee their poesie di
Thine eyes, that taught the du
And heauie ignorance aloft to
Haue added feathers to the learn
And giuen grace a double Maie
Yet be most proud of that whic
Whose influence is thine, and b
In others workes thou doost bu
And Arts with thy sweete grac
But thou art all my art, and d
As high as learning, my rude

79

WHilst I alone did call vpon t
My verse alone had all thy g
But now my gracious numbers
And my sick Muse doth giue an
I grant (sweet loue) thy louely
Deserues the trauaile of a wor
Yet what of thee thy Poet doth
He robs thee of, and payes it th